

FRATERNAL

Cathart Lodge, No. 76, Knights of Pythias, celebrated the 38th anniversary of its existence at W. O. W. hall last Wednesday night.

- Turney's Orchestra.
Male Quartette.
F. G. Fairclough and Miss Randall.

After the rendering of the program, all retired to the dining hall where a most elaborate banquet was awaiting them.

Molalla was organized into a Grange Saturday by Mrs. Mary S. Howard, secretary of State Grange and District No. 1, assisted by Austin Buxton, charter of State Grange.

What shall We Have For Dessert? The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day.

OREGON AFFAIRS IN CONGRESS.

The Dalles and Celilo, and for financing construction \$900,371. His appropriation is less the unexpended balance remaining from the boat way project.

for the Willamette above Portland \$4,500,000; Senator Mitchell will ask \$75,000, one-third to be used in re-vesting the bank near Independence, \$12,000 in re-vesting the bank above Corvallis and a like sum for re-vesting the bank near Albany.

I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for a number of years and have hesitated in saying that it is the best remedy for coughs, colds and croup I have ever used in my family.

STORIES OF SINGERS

TIMES WHEN THEIR VOICES WERE OF MORE WORTH THAN MONEY.

Santley's Adventure With a Band of Mexican Bandits—Some Experiences of the Tenor Mario—How Lablache Put a Bear to Flight.

Many years since, when traveling with some friends in Mexico, Charles Santley was captured by halfbreed bandits and, being unable to pay the large ransom demanded, carried off to the mountains.

The late Joseph Maas had a somewhat similar experience. Years back, when with a companion buffalo hunting on the American prairies, he was captured by Indians and carried to their camp.

Luckily his voice had a soporific effect upon the Indians, who one by one dropped asleep, until, just as he was on the point of stopping from exhaustion, the list passed into the realm of dreams.

His wonderful voice on one occasion placed the great tenor Mario in a somewhat invidious position. When traveling with some companions in Spain, he fell into the hands of a party of marauding gypsies, who demanded the customary ransom.

On another occasion in Madrid the same singer, as he was returning late one night from the theater where he was engaged, was arrested by the police in mistake for a political discontent.

When traveling to Paris with some other ladies, Mme. Grist had a thrilling adventure. At a small wayside station a man entered the carriage, and it soon became evident from his threatening gestures and eccentric behavior that he was a dangerous lunatic.

Though her companions were panic-stricken, Mme. Grist retained complete presence of mind and with the utmost composure began to sing. At once the man was quiet; his whole attention was riveted on that magnificent voice, and he remained the most appreciative of listeners until the train reached the next station, where he was secured.

When Will a Man Be Too Rich? What will eventually be the limit of individual wealth? Half a century back "ten thousand a year" was considered to be a vast fortune.

No matter where a man was born, he swells up and claims to be proud of it. There is no way of knowing if the favored spot reciprocates the feeling.

Dumbligh—It was an awful trial for me to make that speech tonight. Mildmay—Don't mention it, old boy; just think what the rest of us suffered.

THE VOICE OF AN ECHO

A Story of Two Old Fools

Out of the window of the old wooden bridge, whose hooped tunnel threw a dark bar across the moonlit mountain stream, a man and a woman stood looking into the pine clad amphitheater of the cliffs, which lay in stillness beneath the spell of a September night.

It was knowledge of the world and the good temper of experience that kept Mrs. Hugonin and Arthur Kinnaird on perfectly unruffled terms with each other. The conviction that he had long ago forgiven her, gratifying as it once had been, was now of such long standing that it had become confused with her earlier and less justifiable conviction that he ultimately would forgive her.

She pushed back her dark hair under its somewhat youthful cap, and, leaning her elbows on the ledge, gazed without speaking at the haunted dellie. Kinnaird gave a little laugh behind her.

"Why, particularly?" she asked, without turning her head. "Oh, all this summer," he replied. She did not ask him to be more explicit.

"You men are all alike," said Mrs. Hugonin with an inconsistent shrug of her shoulder. "You give up to logic what was meant for conversation."

"You?" said Mrs. Hugonin, turning with a delightful laugh. "Why, Arthur, there isn't a sentiment or a conviction to whose support society could order you to contribute?"

"You still believe me capable of as much mistaken self control as I once was. And," he added calmly, "I don't wonder."

Though there was no bitterness apparent in his tone Mrs. Hugonin was startled. "Really, this is unlike you, Arthur," she said gravely, but yet with a sense of amusement.

"Upon my word, Arthur," said Mrs. Hugonin, "I did not know you were serious or I should not have taken this as a joke."

"I am entirely serious," "Really?" said Mrs. Hugonin, and she spoke with some irritation. "I thought all had been forgotten and forgiven years ago."

"The rocks make me recollect," he went on, unheeding, "that one day when you were about seventeen you and I climbed Lone mountain together. And when we reached the ravine you insisted on going first, and I let you. Now, I did that because I reflected that if you fell I could catch you."

"You see, that was my first mistake. I should have gone first and made you cling to my—pardos me—coat-tails."

"Very likely," said Mrs. Hugonin, half laughing. "But I can't think it does us any good to talk it over now."

half laughing. "But I can't think it does us any good to talk it over now." "After that," said Kinnaird, pursuing his subject, "I acted consistently on the same mistaken theory. And when it came to the question of giving you up, I thought always of my first. That was why I rase you up—which you naturally considered a weakness."

It did not escape Mrs. Hugonin that a dormant weakness of her own was reviving under the continued stress of this absurd conversation, a weakness for sentiment. But it was checked by her reaction with her friend for breaking their tacit understanding, and by the feeling of half contemptuous pity that stole over her as he spoke.

"I shall not stop you," she said in a half mischievous tone. "Go on—I won't be angry. You will perhaps admit that if there is anything rankling it is as well for you to abuse me and have it over, even after all these years, whose obitaries you have written."

"My dear, my darling," he said, his strong hand clasping hers so quickly that involuntarily her arm struggled like a bird's wing to wrest itself away. "It is well for me to tell the only woman I ever loved that I love her still and do not mean to let her go again."

"Margaret, I love you more than ever." "It is impossible!" "I love you!" "You cannot, cannot be in earnest," she stammered. "Why, you have never told me."

"Never—until now," he laughed. "I learned something when I lost you the first time—my darling!" "This," said Mrs. Hugonin, partially recovering herself, "is folly, Arthur, and it is most unfair."

"Unfair," he said, "to want you for my wife? No; you mean unfair to take you off your guard. I will not quibble with your words," he said, smiling. "May the hour and the scene suggest to you all that they will; may they bring you back to—it was twenty that you were—when it all happened! Margaret, when you were twenty-six I went away from the city of all my hopes, but before I turned my back on it I did as many a refugee had done before me—I sealed up my treasures and hid them, and my store is where I left it. That is why I want you to marry me. All that I had looked forward to telling you—when you were twenty—all that I had to say to you, the secret board that I had been piling up for our married life, is intact, and now I want you to share it with me."

He paused a moment and then went on: "My dear, I have simply had to wait; that is all. But, please heaven, we will begin again."

Poor Mrs. Hugonin's breath came and went, an unwilling messenger of passion—or, it might be, of sentiment. "Perhaps I was in the wrong," she said. "But why did not you think more of yourself?"

"I am thinking of myself now," said Kinnaird. Suddenly, as Mrs. Hugonin hung distracted and in doubt, the cliff before them rang faint and sibilant with an echo. It was the town clock of the village striking over beyond the trees.

They could not hear it, but, sent from ledge to ledge in the still night air, it struck silvery and remote on the granite facade. As it sounded they both started, he at its eldric suggestions, she at its material reminder.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "It is 11 o'clock!" "It is," said Kinnaird. "And we must positively go back to the hotel at once. We are a scandal, Arthur—and you know it, for I saw you start too." She began to smile. "Do you see nothing in the augury?" she asked.

"The augury?" "We are two old fools," she said. "Think of my boy in his bed, Arthur. Think of my thirty years—be quiet, if you please. I choose to be thirty for formality's sake. It is only the night and the moonlight. When 11 o'clock strikes, we recollect that we ought to be respectably at home. It is only an echo. Ah, my dear old friend, we have had our past, and it is over. Yours has been unhappy, and I am, oh, so very sorry! But you are contented now and, what is more, you are kind and strong—it is better as it is. Take me back to the hotel—and we shall beware of echoes in future."

"I thought you said you had grown old," said Kinnaird. "It is only youth that refuses the echo." And he took her in his arms and kissed her.

Lord Kelvin's Inventive Eyeglasses. Soon after Lord Kelvin had assisted in laying the Atlantic cable, when he was yet known as Sir William Thomson, his mind was greatly troubled in devising some method for perfecting the ordinary telegraphic apparatus used on overhead wires, as the old method, or the one then in vogue, was not suited for the varying currents passing along the cables.

The laying of the electric current had the effect of making them run together in one bottom current, with surface ripples. The difficulty which Lord Kelvin had to overcome was to invent a means of clearly distinguishing all the delicate fluctuations.

One day the great inventor's eyeglass dropped off and swung in front of the magnet. The glass deflected its movements, and from this simple and unexpected incident the "mirror instrument" was invented.



"Poor Health" is the worst kind of poverty. However rich a woman may be, if her health is "poor" she is poor indeed.

Such a woman can get well if she will. All her symptoms indicate a diseased condition of the delicate womanly organism. Cure that condition and the woman will be lifted up to the full enjoyment of health.

"Favorite Prescription" differs from almost all other medicines put up for woman's use in that it contains no alcohol and is entirely free from opium, cocaine and all other narcotics.

A Constant Sufferer. "I had been a constant sufferer from uterine disease for five years," writes J. A. Stearns, of Yankee Dam, Cal., "and for six months previous to taking your medicine I was not out of my room."

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We handle the Logan Cheese. Miles & McGlashan Props.

SCHEDULES OF TIME SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY NORTH BOUND. 7:00 a. m. 9:22 a. m. (Albany Local) 6:10 p. m. SOUTH BOUND. 9:22 a. m. 4:50 p. m. (Albany Local) 9:14 p. m.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY TO SALEM AND INDEPENDENCE -STEAMERS- ALTONA AND POMONA -LEAVE OREGON CITY- Going up, 8:00 a. m. Going down 2:30 p. m.

Astoria & Columbia River Railroad Co. DAILY TRAINS.

Table with columns: D'y, Effective July 6, 1901, D'y, P.M., A.M., A.M., P.M. Lists train times for Astoria and Seaside.

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